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BEDFORD INQUIRER.

Elegant Extracts.

From John Cessna's Gazette, Dec. 23, 1858.
HON. J. S. BLACK.

The distinguished gentleman whose name stands at the head of this article, is favorably spoken of by a number of Democratic newspapers in this state and elsewhere, as a suitable person to receive the nomination of the Charleston Convention for President of the U. States. We were among the first to express our preference for the nomination of Judge Black; indeed had we been slower to recognize his claims, we would have been false to our convictions of duty and utterly recreant to that pride of section which nurtures and rears the great men of the land.

It is said and truthfully, too, that Pennsylvania holds the casting vote in the Electoral College of the Union. No President, we believe, has been chosen by the people, without the vote of Pennsylvania. The reason of this is obvious. Pennsylvania, as a state, is the representative of that feeling which binds together the national confederation. She is the heart and soul, the very vital spark of the Union. Her people have no sympathy with one section as against another. They are neither for the North, nor for the South, but for the equal Constitutional rights of each. With this spirit of justice pervading the hearts and the conscience of her people, Pennsylvania always casts her vote for the candidate chosen by a majority of the electors of the Union, which majority has thus far held with her in common her national and conservative sentiments. It is this that makes Pennsylvania the Keystone of our political arch; not the number of her population—for sectional and factional New York exceeds her on that score—not her wealth of mines, and forges and manufactories—not her cities and commercial marts—not her railroads and public thoroughfares; it is her position as the great break-water between fanatical extremes, her office as the conservator of the peace between sections embittered against each other by the schemes of crazy theorists, political demagogues and office-baiting knaves (like Stephen A. Douglas.) Such being unquestionably the political status of Pennsylvania, where is the man that is a truer representative of our glorious old Commonwealth, than Jeremiah S. Black? Search the record of our statesmen and where will you find him? New York has her Dickinson, Virginia her Hunter, Georgia her Cobb, Illinois her Douglas, but where is the representative man of the great State of Pennsylvania? The public life of Judge Black warrants a full inquiry into his character as a man. He has always shown himself the equal friend of all classes—the advocate of religious as well as civil freedom, the guardian of the rights of naturalized as well as of native citizens, and above all the fearless promulgator of the Pennsylvania idea—union and harmony between the states and an end to utopian theories and abstractations on the question of slavery. Let us, therefore, have the Representative man of Pennsylvania, as the nominee of the Charleston Convention, and no fears need be entertained of the future.

Yet, notwithstanding all that is said by John Cessna's Gazette, in the above article, in favor of Judge Black, a serious effort was never made to make him the candidate. He did not get a vote, we believe, in the Convention, and the editor and owner of the Gazette, John Cessna, was there and never voted once for Black, but all the time for that "crazy theorist, political demagogue, and office hunting knave," Stephen A. Douglas, as Cessna's Gazette styles him in the above article. The Gazette was a great Buchanan and Black paper then, and very bitter against Douglas, but John Cessna, Wm. P. Schell and Samuel H. Tate came out for Douglas flat-footed, and the conductor, not having any soul or body of his own, did the bidding of John Cessna & Co. The persons referred to by Cessna's Gazette, Dickinson, N. Y., Hunter of Va., Cobb of Ga., as well as Buchanan and that paper's favorite presidential candidate, Black, all support Breckinridge and Lane, in opposition to Douglas and Johnson.

From John Cessna's Gazette, Jan. 27, 1860.
TERRITORIAL SOVEREIGNTY.

The doctrine of Popular Sovereignty, as enunciated in the Cincinnati Platform, means the power of the people of the Territories to control their own affairs, and mould their own institutions, "in their own way," subject only to the Constitution of the United States. This point is undisputed. There can be no question about it. But there seems to be some difference of opinion between leading Democrats as to whether the Constitution prohibits the people of the Territories from deciding the question whether or not, negro slavery shall exist within the Territory. It is not disputed by either side that the people of the Territory have the right to determine this question for themselves when they come to form their constitution, preparatory to their admission into the Union as a State. Neither is it contended by either party that slaves cannot lawfully be taken into the Territories and held there as property. The difference, however, consists in this, that Senator Douglas and those who coincide with him, maintain that though the slaveholder may take his slaves into the Territories, he can hold them there only at the will of the Territorial Legislature, which by indirect, unfriendly enactments, or by positive prohibition, can exclude slavery from the Ter-

A RAIL-SPLITTER ON LINCOLN.

John Hanks, Mr. Lincoln's partner in splitting rails, flat boating, &c., has announced his intention to vote for his old friend, though he has always heretofore voted the Democratic ticket. In the course of a long letter to *The Decatur Chronicle*, Mr. Hanks says:

"When we have for years been opposed in politics, to a man who has again and again seen his party defeated, and has himself sometimes failed, and still seen that man true to his colors, re-entraining and re-entering the field to try to uphold and successfully plant his colors upon the side of victory, when all the time he knew he had but to change once to win, and yet has never changed, I think I may say never faltered, how are we to respect him? Such a man I have known Mr. Lincoln for thirty years to be. In boyhood days we toiled together; many are the days we have lugged the heavy oar on the Ohio, the Illinois, and the Mississippi rivers together; many are the long, cold days we have journeyed over the wild prairies and through the forest, with gun and ax, and though it is not pleasant to refer back to it, well do I remember when we set out together in the cold winter to cut and haul rails on the Sangamon river, in Macon county, thirty years ago, to inclose his father's little home, and from day to day kept at work until the whole was finished and the homestead fenced in; we often swapped work in this way, and yet during the many years we were connected together as laborers, sometimes flat-boating, sometimes rail-boating, and, too, when it was nearly impossible to get books, he was a constant reader; I was a listener; he settled all disputes of all young men in the neighborhood, and his decisions were always abided by. I never knew a man so honest under all circumstances for his whole life.

Thus associated with Mr. Lincoln, I learned to love him; and when in 1858 he was a candidate for the first time within my reach, against my feelings, and I may say against my convictions, my old party ties induced me to vote for Mr. Douglas. My Democratic friends all declared Lincoln an Abolitionist; I heard him make a speech in Decatur just before the election, and I could see nothing bad in it; but I was told by the party he was wrong; I could not see how he could be, but they said so, and I was a Democrat and went it. My wife used to say to me that some day Abe would come out and be something; I thought so, too, but I could not exactly see how a man in the lower walks of life, a day laborer, and hopelessly poor, would ever stand such chance to get up very high the world; at last, one day at home, we heard that the Republican State Convention was to be held at Decatur, and that they were going for Abe for President.

"As soon as I found this out, I went into town and told a friend of Abe's that as great and honest merit was at last to be rewarded in the person of my friend Mr. Lincoln, by the Republican party, I thought of the hard and trying struggles of his early days, and recollecting the rails we had made together thirty years ago, made up my mind to present some of them to that Convention as a testimonial of the beginning of one of the greatest living men of the age, believing they would speak more in his praise than any orator could, and honor his labor more than the praise of men or the resolutions of Conventions. On our way to get the rails, I told this friend of Old Abe that if Abe should be nominated for President I would vote for him; everybody knows what he has been, and I rejoice that I live to give this testimony to his goodness and honesty, and I hope I shall live to vote for him for President of the United States next November.—Is there anything wrong in this? Who ought to refuse to vote for as good and as great a man as he is? I know that in voting for him I vote with the Republican party, and will be considered as adopting its principles; as I now understand them I see no good reason why I may not do so; our own party is divided, and we have no Solomon to tell who shall take the child."

IMPORTANT TO DRUGGISTS.—The following section of the new Penal Code, passed by the Legislature last winter, is of great importance to those who deal in drugs of any kind which are used as poisons:

"No apothecary, druggist, or other person, shall sell or dispose of by retail any morphia, strychnia, arsenic, prussic acid or corrosive sublimate, except upon the prescription of a physician, or on the personal application of some respectable inhabitant, of full age, of the town or place in which such sale shall be made. In all cases of such sale, the word poison shall be carefully and legibly marked or placed upon the label, package, bottle or other vessel or thing in which such poison is contained; and when sold or disposed of otherwise than under the prescription of a physician, the apothecary, druggist or other person selling or disposing of the same, shall put in a register, kept for that purpose, the name and residence of the person to whom such sale was made, the quantity sold, and the date of such sale. Any person offending herein shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and, on conviction, be sentenced to pay a fine not exceeding fifty dollars."

The *Charleston Mercury* is very greatly disgusted at the attempt made in various quarters to represent the Democratic party as a National organization. It says:

The affectation of the disrupted Convention clinging to the name of the National Democratic party, was equally absurd. As a National party it had ceased to exist with the secession of the Southern States. Both Conventions became sectional. The one represented the North, the other the south. The one aimed at a sectional domination over the South; the other organized to save the South from this sectional domination looking clearly to the alternative of independence. There was not a particle of nationality in either Convention.

A MEAN CANDIDATE.

To show what kind of a man Joe Lane, the Administration candidate for Vice President, is, we take the following extract from a speech delivered by him at the Breckinridge Ratification Meeting, in Philadelphia. Here is the passage reported *verbatim*:

"A voice—How did Lincoln vote at the time of the Mexican war? Gen. Lane—I'll tell you. While your humble servant was having his arm almost shattered to pieces, and while other good soldiers of this State were battling in defence of your country's honor, Lincoln was over in Washington voting against supplies for the army.—[Laughter.] I didn't say 'friend,' did I? I'll take that back; for it was you I alluded to, when I said friends—for you are not only friends, but you are patriots, and you are law-abiding, good citizens, that I am proud to meet—that I am delighted to have this opportunity to see and to speak to; and if it was any other occasion than this—if it wasn't on the ticket with that gallant, noble, and generous, gifted man, Breckinridge—I would say much more in his favor.

To show up this deliberate lie, uttered by this would-be Vice President, we need only copy the following extract from a speech delivered by Senator Douglas, in the Illinois Senatorial canvass of 1858, wherein he makes this candid admission:

"I never charged him with voting against the supplies in my life, because I knew that he was not in Congress when they were voted.—The war was commenced on the 13th day of May, 1846, and on that day we appropriated in Congress ten millions of dollars and fifty thousand men to prosecute it. During the same session we voted more men and more money, so that, by the time Mr. Lincoln entered Congress, we had enough men and money to carry on the war, and had no occasion to vote for any more."

This clears Lincoln of the false charge Lane has trumped up against him, and unless Lane does not read the current literature of the day, and especially that relative to national politics, he could not be ignorant that what he was saying was unfounded. The man that would stoop to utter so deliberate a falsehood is unworthy of the support of any honest man of any party—the nigger-driving Democracy not excepted. This seems to be the opinion of the people of Oregon, for it is admitted on all hands that the recent election in that State has closed up his career in the United States Senate. He is a "dead dog," and has met a well-deserved fate.

RECIPE FOR BLACKBERRY WINE.—As this is the blackberry season, we publish this recipe for the manufacture of the wine:

There is no wine equal to blackberry wine, when properly made, either in flavor or medicinal purposes, and all persons who can conveniently do so should manufacture enough for their own use every year, as it is invaluable in sickness as a tonic, and nothing is a better remedy for bowel diseases. We therefore give the receipt for making it, and having tried it ourselves, we speak advisedly on the subject. Measure your berries and bruise them; to every gallon add on a quart of water. Let the mixture stand twenty-four hours, stirring occasionally; then strain off the liquid into a cask; to every gallon add two pounds of sugar; cork tight and let it stand till the following October, and you will have wine ready for use, without further straining or boiling, that will make lips smack that never smacked under similar influences before. It may be improved, and perhaps will keep better, by adding a small quantity of pure French brandy.

DON'T CARE.—The Douglas men are beginning to deny that their champion ever said he didn't care whether Slavery was voted down or voted up. A reference to the Congressional Globe for 1857-8, part I, page 13, will refresh their memories on this point. They will there read, in Mr. Douglas's speech in the Senate, on the 19th of December, 1857, as follows:

"But I am told on all sides, 'Oh, just wait; that does not obviate any of my objections; it does not diminish any of them. You have no more right to force a Free State Constitution on Kansas than a Slave State Constitution, if she has a right to it; if she wants a Free State Constitution she has a right to it. It is none of my business which way the Slavery clause is decided. I care not whether it is voted down or voted up.'"

Who dodged the vote on the Homestead bill? Stephen A. Douglas. Who dodged on the admission of Kansas? Stephen A. Douglas. Who claims that "my great principle," Popular Sovereignty, has given to slavery a degree and a half more of the public domain than the slave power claimed? Stephen A. Douglas. Isn't he a pretty candidate for the votes of free laboring men?

A POPULAR CANDIDATE.—In 1843 Mr. Herschel V. Johnson, the Douglas intervention Slave Code candidate for Vice President, was a candidate for Congress in one of the districts of Georgia, against A. H. Stevens and was badly beaten by him. In 1853 he was the Democratic candidate for Governor in the same State and was elected by only 510 majority, though the Democrats had over 18,000 majority the year before!

DON'T KNOW WHO TO "HOLLER FOR."

The Wilmington Watchman, the Democratic organ of Clifton county, publishes all the Presidential tickets and don't know which to "holler" for. Its quandary is funny, but not singular, in the double condition of the Democracy. The editor says:—

"We are decidedly at a loss to know what will be the result of all this 'mix' and we are in a greater loss as to how to holler; we are anxious to holler for somebody, but are afraid to, for you know we might wake up the wrong passer—that is, we might get on the wrong side—and then we would be in a circumstance."

HENRY D. FOSTER.

The democratic candidate for Governor is a prince among political trimmers. It must have been while laboring under a prescient foreboding of the forthcoming split at Baltimore that the Reading Convention fell upon him as their candidate for Governor at this particular crisis in the affairs of the party. If the leaders of the two factions wanted a man who hadn't the soul to say he belonged to either, so that both might claim him, with the tacit understanding between themselves that he was not to be compelled to show his hand, they showed the skill of true genius in selecting Mr. Foster. He is just the man to play off upon credulous factionists who are prepared, if not anxious, to be deceived.

If, however, the Convention thought they were choosing a representative man—a man of positive characteristics; if it was their intention to make him take a decided stand; if it was their purpose to put him forward as the bold, outspoken man, ready to advance promptly to the front in the hour of doubt or danger, then they were utterly mistaken in their man. He has not a single attribute that fits him for the position of a bold and resolute leader.

Cold, unimpassioned, selfish, irresolute and weak—too cowardly to say yes and afraid to say no, he is fitted only for that position as a candidate which requires but one condition—that of keeping his mouth shut. His whole political life has demonstrated his unfitness to occupy the front rank at such a time as this.—He was never bold, manly or resolute in his politics, but ever the shrinking, fearful, doubting-do-nothing. A mere negative man, all the popularity he ever possessed was earned by the ability he has always shown in doing nothing to give offence.

We are inclined to believe, however, that the democratic leaders at Reading chose him for his possession of these very characteristics. They wanted a negative and not a positive man. Foreseeing disaffection, if not division, they fixed on him because they thought or hoped they could get through the campaign without asking him to declare himself on the points of difference between the two factions. They knew this was their only chance for success at the October election; and they had sense enough to see that if they failed in October they could not succeed in November.

They have reckoned, however, without their host. There is a determination in the democratic ranks to know just where Mr. Foster stands, and which of the candidates for the Presidency he intends to support. They know he went to Baltimore a warlike Douglas man; but that was before the Convention split, and when a probability existed that but one candidate would be chosen. In that event he had shrewdness enough to see that he had no chance of election himself if Douglas was not selected, and hence he was for Douglas as the candidate of the united Democracy; but when the split took place, the whole aspect of things changed. It became necessary for him, then, to conciliate the Breckinridge men; and he accordingly returned home close-mouthed and circumspect.

All at once the Breckinridge men became very earnest for his election. However the party might differ, they said, about the Presidency, they were united on the Governor question; and the utmost anxiety had been evinced by them, ever since, to concentrate all the party strength on Mr. Foster. The "compromise" dodge, or union upon one electoral ticket, even, was urged upon the ground that it would promote Foster's success; and there was such a mysterious connection between the two, that Mr. H. D. Foster happened to be in Philadelphia when the State Committee met, and was understood, by those who were capable of understanding him, as being in favor of the compromise scheme.

All this has naturally provoked the suspicions of the Douglas men; and we accordingly find the Philadelphia Press kindling a fire to smoke him out. It says:

"A painful rumor in one of yesterday's (Sunday) papers leads us to the impression that Gen. Foster, the Democratic candidate for Governor, counselled or approved the scheme of the office-holders and their friends on the Democratic State Central Committee to unite the Democrats of Pennsylvania on the present electoral ticket, composed of Douglas and Breckinridge men, with the understanding that if these electors could not elect either of these candidates, they might vote for any other candidate for President. We called upon Gen. Foster, some days ago, to state his position on this disputed and delicate question, and up to this time no answer has been returned. The Sunday paper alluded to declares that he favors it. Several of the interior Administration papers make the same declaration, and it is a significant fact that every party journal in the State which refuses to raise the name of the regular Democratic candidate for President, Stephen A. Douglas, flies the flag of Henry D. Foster.—He must speak out in this crisis. Boldness now may be fortunate hereafter. Defeat to-day, under the Douglas popular sovereignty flag, would be more profitable for Gen. Foster than defeat

For the Inquirer.
California News.
GENOA, CARSON VALLEY,
CAL., May 27, 1860.

Mr. EDITOR—I will endeavor to give you some of the news of this country, and ask you to give my letter an insertion in your paper for the benefit of my numerous friends. I have a great many friends to whom I would like to write, but can't take time to do so, and if you will give my letter a place in your columns, you will honor and oblige your humble servant.

No doubt you hear large stories of the discovery of rich silver and gold mines in this country, known as the "Washoe Country," the "Eastern Slope," &c. And no doubt you have heard by this time of Indian troubles in this country, and of a bloody battle being fought between the whites and Indians on the 12th of this month, in which the whites were badly defeated. Through the Pony Express and the telegraph, the above news has no doubt been spread throughout the whole Union, and I have no doubt but that said news, and all other news from this country reaches the Atlantic States in an exaggerated form, as a story seldom loses by travelling. I know that a great many people in this country would sooner tell a lie on credit than tell the truth for cash. What little I tell you shall be the truth, to the best of my knowledge. I will try to present things exactly as they are. There has been a small bit of an Indian war stirred up in this country, and no mistake; and it will retard the progress and development of it to some extent, no doubt, but I don't think it will amount to much, though some valuable lives have been lost already, and the probability is that more will be before the savages are subdued. The first outbreak was the murder of three men and the burning of a station on the mail route and emigrant road about 60 miles east of this town, at the great bend of Carro river. The house was burned, and the bodies of the three men were found in the ashes. The station was kept by three brothers, named Williams. There is a report of a more brutal outrage having been committed against the Indians by the men of said station, for the truth of which I cannot vouch, but there is no doubt the murder was committed by the Indians, as a large herd of cattle was driven off by them at the same time from the same vicinity. On the strength of this, a volunteer force of 105 men were raised in five little towns in these valleys, viz: Genoa, Carson City, Silver City, Gold Hill, and Virginia City. They were not mounted on very good horses, and rather poorly equipped, both in regard to arms, ammunition and provisions. I don't think they calculated to have a fight; they thought it was only necessary to go out and show themselves, frighten the Indians away, and take their horses. They followed the trail of the cattle driven off by the Indians about 100 miles north of this, to near Pyramid Lake, the sink of Truckee River, where they met, as they suppose, about 600 Indian warriors, who gave them a very warm reception. Our men stood them no show at all; the most of them were badly scared, and didn't half fight. A friend of mine who was in the battle, says that on the retreat he picked up a loaded rifle which had been carried to the war by a Dutchman, and, from the appearance of the gun he was satisfied that it had not been fired at all. The Dutchman escaped unhurt, and claimed his rifle after my friend (Bob Foster) had carried it all night. The battle was fought in the evening, and night coming on, enabled many to secrete themselves and escape. The Indians followed the whites in hot pursuit for 20 miles, and no doubt slew a good many on the retreat. Our men were coming straggling in like lost sheep for a week after the battle. The leader of the expedition, Maj. Ormsby, one of our best citizens, is still missing, and supposed to be killed; he was known to be wounded, and three horses shot under him. But three of the returned warriors brought their horses with them.—Nearly all their accoutrements fell into the hands of the Indians. 25 or 30 men are yet missing, supposed to be killed. About 800 men, part Uncle Sam's men, and part volunteers, have started out against the Indians the past week.

In regard to the mines, there are some very rich silver mines in operation, gold mixed with the silver in the same rock or ore. The ore has to be crushed in a mill or smelted in a furnace to extract the metal. The ore taken out of some of the mines is worth \$3,000 per ton.

Mines that can be worked on a cheap scale are scarce, and I would say to my friends who have anything of a chance of making a comfortable living in the old States, stay there and persevere. The wages for laboring men here are about \$40 per month and board; mechanics \$2, and board themselves. I am getting \$4 a day and board, driving an ox-team, hauling sawlogs. Good bye.

Your friend,
JNO. T. PIPER.

The Stillwater (Minnesota) Democrat a Douglas paper, speaks as follows of Breckinridge's associate:

"As to Joe Lane we have a few remarks to make. An inebriate by habit; a low, vulgar man by instinct and association; has become intoxicated by position, and will naturally be tickled with the straw of candidacy for Vice President, even though there is less than a ghost of a chance for election. It is flattery to such men as he to be thought of, even for the second office in the gift of the nation; and it is calculating too much upon debased human nature to expect that he will decline the chance for notoriety which his nomination furnishes him."